

*.] SONGS ,
15

A hundred thousand oaths, your fears,
Perhaps, would not
remove! And if I gazed a
thousand years,
I could no deeper love!

SONG.



EARS not, my PHILLIS ! how the birds
Their feathered mates salute! They tell
their Passion in their words ; Must I
alone be mute ? *PHILLIS, without frown
or smile, Sat and knotted all the while!*

The God of Love, in thy bright eyes,
Does like a tyrant reign ! But in thy
heart, a child he lies. Without his dart,
or flame! *PHILLIS, without frown or
smile, Sat and knotted all the while I*

So many months, in silence past,
(And yet in raging love) Might well
deserve One Word, at last My Passion
should approve ! *PHILLIS, without frown
or smile, Sat and knotted all the while!*

Must then, your faithful Swain expire !
And not one look obtain ! Which he, to
sooth his fond Desire, Might pleasingly
explain! *PHILLIS, without frown or smile
Sat and "knotted all the while!*